

Perfectly Broken by Cheyenne_6698

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Summary:

A different take on the night Jonathan spent comforting Nancy. What starts off as innocent quickly changes when Nancy can't keep her thoughts(or hands) away from Jonathan.

Perfectly Broken

Author's Note:

I do not own Stranger Things. If I did, Nancy would have been cuddled up with Jonathan at the end instead of Steve.

Nancy couldn't sleep. All she could keep thinking about was that.....thing. She had never seen anything like it before, and honestly never wanted to again. There was no doubt in her mind that the monster was behind the disappearances of both Will and Barb. She wanted to think that they were still alive, but after seeing how the deer was torn apart within mere moments of entering that place, she had her doubts. Spread around her was every animal book she could find in the house. The beast wasn't in any of the books, which she had doubted it would, but many of its characteristics lined up with known animals, And they all seemed to point to the same thing: it was a predator and no one was safe.

Movement in the side of her vision brought her to the other living creature preoccupying her thoughts. Jonathan Byers. She had known him for so long, and yet it seemed that it wasn't until the past couple of days that she truly knew him. He was a good photographer, a fact even Steve had begrudgingly acknowledged. Nancy knew that Jonathan hadn't been trying to perve or anything, he was just more used to watching people than interacting with them and didn't always understand social do's and don'ts. Nancy hoped that after all of this was over, her and Jonathan would still be like this. Maybe then she could help him understand society better.

Another surprising thing Nancy had learned was that Jonathan was strong. Nancy had seen him down at the store, moving boxes and restocking shelves, but she had never thought that under the loose t shirts and flannels would be hardened muscle. But she could see them now, under his thin black shirt, his biceps stretching the tight sleeves. And she had felt them earlier when he had pulled her from that tree, yanking her tightly against him, rocking her as she had sobbed, whispering that he had her now, she was safe. And with Jonathan, Nancy had no doubt that that was true.

Steve would probably break up with her if he could see Jonathan in

her bed, if he knew what she was thinking. But Nancy couldn't bring herself to care. As much time as she had spent trying to impress Steve, now it all seemed to be a big waste of time. She had never had to work for Jonathan, to get him to like her. In fact, he seemed to hate when she tried. Yet still, Nancy felt an almost magnetic pull between them, far stronger than that small spark she felt for Steve. Jonathan was intoxicating to her.

Nancy couldn't stop herself from reaching out and brushing hair off his face. He was so childlike and innocent in sleep. All the worries and stress that plagued him in his waking hours was just wiped away in these few hours. Her hand moved to his cheek, thumb brushing against his cheekbone. When he stirred, she briefly stopped, terrified he would wake up. With her hand cupping his face and some emotion she couldn't even name yet herself shining in her eyes, Nancy was afraid that he would either freak out or take it the wrong way. But Jonathan didn't wake up. He simply turned on his side so he was curled up around her, snuggled close. He nuzzled his face into her hand, his mouth pressing what felt like a kiss into her palm. She let loose a sigh of relief.

She wasn't a slut. She had told Steve that and she meant it. She wasn't, but she couldn't stop herself from laying back against the mattress, Jonathan's body automatically adjusting so she was cradled in his arms. Her palm still cradling his face, Nancy couldn't stop herself from brushing a kiss across his lips. She pulled back, holding her breath to see if he stirred. When there was nothing, she brushed another kiss, and then another. Her mother would say she was going to hell for this, but Nancy couldn't bring herself to care. Her hand moved down from his face, trailing down his neck to press against his chest. Over and over, Nancy pressed her lips to Jonathan's, each time different. Sometimes hard and fast, sometimes long and as soft as a butterfly's touch. At some point, her hand had slipped under his shirt, pressing against the hard, hot flesh of his stomach. Even with Jonathan not being awake and responding, these kisses were more breathtaking than any shared with Steve. He simply consumed her, his very being. Nancy was so caught up that she didn't realize Jonathan had woken up until she felt the tip of his tongue flirt with her own. Nancy pulled away in shock, eyes gaping open, panting in fear.

"Jonathan?"

His only response was to pull her back, their mouths meeting in a

clash that was all teeth and lips and passion. One of his hands slipped to the back of her neck, tangling in her hair, while the other glided down her body to grab and lift her leg around his hips. He turned them so that her back was pressed to the bed, the fluffiness of the pillows nearly consumed her, her quilt now shoved down and tangled around their feet at the foot of the bed. Both her arms were around his neck, fingers tangled in the hair at the base of it.

When they broke apart for air, Nancy tugged at his shirt, wanting it off. She needed to see him, to be able to run her hands all over his bare skin. Jonathan got the hint and ripped it over his head before returning to her arms and resuming the kiss. Her top had rode up to right below her breasts, her legs parted with Jonathan cradled in between them. Despite her inexperience, this felt natural to Nancy, to have him there. Much more natural than it had felt with Steve. Her skin felt hot, almost feverish, and too tight, like it was suffocating her. Nancy's breasts were heavy and aching, while between her thighs was this.....tingling. It felt like something was building inside her, like a string being pulled tighter and tighter. And when it broke, Nancy somehow knew it would feel amazing. Jonathan pulled back, sitting on her heels, the edge of her pajama top in his hands. He looked unsure and seemed to be asking for permission. Nancy nodded and sat up to make it easier on him.

At first, he was shy, and so was she. Jonathan just looked at her, her top all bare. He reached out a trembling hand, wanting to touch but seemingly too afraid to do so. Nancy took his hands and guided them to her breasts. The moment he touched them, Jonathan changed. He seemed to become more confident. Jonathan forced her back to the pillows, her hands kneading and tugging. Their mouths connected again, but then he trailed kisses down the side of her neck to her right breast. He presses soft ones all over, but when he came to her nipple, he engulfed it in his mouth, softly suckling. It felt amazing, but Nancy needed more. She needed it harder. She looked down and saw Jonathan gazing up at her through his bangs in adoration, his mouth on her breasts. The sight was almost too much for her.

"Please Jonathan, more. Harder. Please."

He responded immediately. Taking hold of her nipple between his teeth, flicking it with his tongue. Nancy's hands combed through his long hair before tightening on the locks. Just when she thought she could take no more, when the string was about to snap, he stopped and switched. One of Nancy's hands moved down his back before

moving to the bulge in his jeans that he had been grinding against her secret spot, softly caressing it. Jonathan froze as Nancy popped open the button, remained still as her tiny hand slipped inside both the jeans and his boxers, but he shot off the bed like a rocket when her fingertips grazed his hardness. They were panting and staring at each other from across the room. Jonathan's pupils were blown wide, his chest rising and falling with each breath as he tried to calm down. Somewhere between the bed and where he now stood, Jonathan's zipper had come undone, leaving his jeans sagging around his hips. Nancy wasn't much better. Her lips were red and swollen from his kisses. There were red marks all down her neck and across her chest from his lips. Nancy's hair was a tangled mess from his fingers going through it.

"Nancy, are you sure you-"

She quickly nodded her head. There was nothing she wanted more right now than Jonathan Byers. "Do you want to-"

"Yes." He interrupted her. He blushed and looked downwards. "There is nothing I want more."

Nancy gracefully rose off the bed, hips swaying slightly in a way that was so seductive to him. Jonathan had never realized how tiny Nancy really was. She just barely reached his shoulders with the top of her head. Nancy gently cupped his jaw in between her hands, forcing him to make eye contact with her. "Have you ever-"

Jonathan shook his head. "Have you?"

"Once," Nancy said quietly. "I guess this will be new for both of us."

As she leaned up for a kiss, Jonathan pulled away. "I don't think this is a good idea Nancy." She looked as if she was about to say something, so he covered her mouth with his hand. "I'm broken, Nancy. So broken. I'm no good for you, anyone would tell you that. And you have a boyfriend so....."

Nancy pulled away at that, an angry look overtaking her face. "Now you listen to me, Jonathan Byers," she whispered angrily. "I think I know what's best for me and what's not. And you, you are not bad for me. You are the very opposite of being bad for me. You are quite possible the best thing that has ever happened to me. You have opened my eyes to so much. Steve, Steve is what's bad for me. Steve is the worst for me. Steve doesn't care that Barb is missing. Steve doesn't care that your little brother, my little brother's best friend, is missing. He doesn't care about anything but himself. But you," she paused to brush a tear away from his cheek, "all you do is care. It was

you who believed me about that thing. It was you who went with me into the woods to find it. You pulled me from that hellish world I found. You held me. You stayed to comfort me. You, Jonathan Byers, not Steve Harrington. You."

A small smile lit up his face at her words, his own hands now cupping her face. "And me being broken?"

"Yes, you're broken. Perfectly broken. But so am I. And maybe together, we can be whole."

Their lips meant in a gentle kiss that quickly changed into something filled with passion. Fumbling hands pushed down their remaining clothes. The two collapsed on the bed in a tangle of limbs. When Jonathan pushed inside, Nancy gasped. She had only done this the night Barb disappeared and Jonathan felt so much bigger. He stretched her, made her feel absolutely full. Jonathan held still, letting her adjust without her asking. Nancy could see the trembling in his arms from the effort of holding back. Finally, she felt ready and that if he held still for one more second, she would explode. "Jonathan, move. Please."

Immediately, he began to move. Twisting his hips, Jonathan pulled out to his tip and then sunk back to the hilt. Nancy gasped at the sensation and wrapped her legs around his hips, rocking against him as he thrust in and out. Her arms were around his neck, nails scratching down his back. Jonathan pressed kisses below her ear, down her neck, anywhere he could reach. Between each one, Nancy could hear him gasp out, "Nancy, my Nancy, all mine."

Nancy realized it was true. She was his. All his. And he was hers. As his thrusts became more and more frantic, Nancy could feel herself building up to that point, that amazing point she had heard girls talk about but never reached before. She whispered in his ear. "I am yours, all yours. And you are mine. My Jonathan." Just then they both climaxed together, Nancy biting down on his shoulder to contain her cry, while Jonathan muffled his in her neck.

As they came down, Jonathan rearranged them so that she was cradled against him, her head resting on his shoulder. As he pulled the sheet around their rapidly cooling bodies, Nancy began to drift away to sleep for the first time that night. Even though she was dozing off, she could still feel him press a kiss to her forehead and what he whispered. Her final thoughts before sleep consumed her was that Jonathan Byers was many things. He was broken. But he was hers. And together they were whole.

Author's Note:

The End! Hope you enjoyed, and please leave helpful comments and kudos!